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Halloween

PATRICK J. MACDONOUGH, 1903.

THE mellow autumn splendor
Still lingers in the West;
The woods in robes of purple
And russet tints are drest;
And on the sleepy river
Soft falls the golden sheen
While 'round me thoughts are thronging
Of joyous Halloween.

I see the merry-makers
Of old I used to know;
The hearth whereat we gathered,
The apples' ruddy glow;
And list the peals of laughter,
The stories told between—
My soul! the hours were moments
That sped at Halloween.

The piper's quaint old music—
'Twas rapture to the ear—
Before me flitting visions
Of dancers gay appear;
No thought of ghost and goblin
That roamed the fairy green,
While song and dance and story
Made happy Halloween.

The boys and girls have parted,
The hearth is lone and cold;
And false the tales of fortune
The molten metal told;
But dear the tender memories
That thrill me as I lean
Beside the open casement
And muse on Halloween.

The Satirists of Queen Anne's Age.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.



HERE is a very striking contrast between the literary productions of Queen Anne's reign and those of the Elizabethan period. In the poetic standard of Queen Anne's age there was a marked deterioration; for surely the cold, correct and artificial couplet, so much used by Pope, bears no comparison with the rich, mellifluous poetry of Shakspere and Milton. In the writing of poetry especially, the later poets aimed to restate old ideas in a correct and concise form, and, in following out this purpose, fell far below the achievements of the creative Elizabethan period. Dryden, who stands midway between the two ages, introduced the rhymed couplet, and succeeding writers admired and imitated this harmonious form of verse. They succeeded in giving it a higher degree of polish and elegance, and were wholly self-satisfied with the result; so much so that they believed the golden period of English literature had come, and dubbed it the Augustinian age. The merit of this period, however, does not depend on the poetic productions, but rather on the works of its prose writers. Probably its greatest boast is that it produced for the first time periodical literature.

In the periodical essay, corresponding to the modern newspaper, Addison, called by Thackeray "the gentle satirist," strove to correct the wrong ideas of his time by holding them up to mild ridicule. His mild and timid disposition would not permit him to imitate the malignant and supercilious tone of Pope's satire which is well exemplified in the "Dunciad." Addison differed still more

from Swift, who was perhaps the greatest and most powerful satirist of the Queen Anne age.

Disappointed on all sides, and with the presentiment always before him that he would end his life in the mad-house, Swift certainly had an opportunity to use his great natural gift of irony, an opportunity of which he took great advantage. What could be more bitter than his "Gulliver's Travels," in which he depicts mankind as degraded to the level of the brute, bereft of reason, filthy and immoral? Anyone who has read this work, written, as Swift himself says, "to vex the world rather than divert it," would not be at all astonished to learn that the author did actually become insane. Swift's peculiar manner is well illustrated in "Gulliver's Travels" by the absurd contrast between the improbability of the incidents and the solemn gravity with which they are related. Swift's style, unlike Addison's, was free from all figurative language and quotation, and was often coarse. He was one of the most original of English writers, and he gloried in the fact that "what he writ was all his own." Swift and Addison differed from Pope, not only in their manner of satire but also in the fact that they used prose as their vehicle of expression, whereas Pope's works are mostly poetic.

Pope was rather a skilled rhetorician than a great poet. He did not look to the truth or originality of his thought but rather to exactness and pointed expression. In his "Essay on Criticism,"—an example of youthful precocity, which many critics proclaim the greatest work ever written by a youth of twenty-one—he himself says that his aim and purpose was to write "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Pope's master and model was Dryden and both wrote along the same lines. Dryden had re-written Chaucer in modern English; Pope undertook the same task. Dryden translated the "Æneid," Pope the "Iliad," and both gained great renown and reputation as satirists.

Perhaps the best comparison of Addison and Swift is found in Macaulay's "Essay on Addison." The peculiar and very effective method of comparison employed by Macaulay is, not to describe the various works and different styles of the author, but to give us an insight into their character. Macaulay unfortunately omitted Pope in this comparison, but in his stead introduced Voltaire whom, with Addison and Swift, he declares to be the best satirist of the eighteenth century. Voltaire,

the French satirist, is described by Macaulay as coarse and unrefined, devoid of all politeness and good breeding. Swift, Macaulay says, despised the world; especially its politics, and in his works made no effort to conceal his contempt for mankind—a contempt which resulted from mortified pride and thwarted ambition. Addison is distinguished from both Voltaire and Swift by moral purity. His satire does not go to the ridiculous extreme of Voltaire, is not bitter and ironical as Swift's works always were; it is the gentle, corrective satire of a well-bred and refined person. Macaulay regards Addison as far superior to Swift, and makes special note of the fact that Addison has never been successfully imitated. This he regards as convincing proof of Addison's greater ability as a satirist.

Other critics declare Pope, with his malignant and mischievous style, the greatest satirist; still more think the brutal ferocity of Swift's works more satirical. However, though all these may be correct, since the general term, satire, includes many specific kinds, I think it better to agree with Macaulay, in preferring Addison's gentle and persuasive style to the spiteful rhetoric of Pope or the coarse originality of Swift.

Jerauld's Reminiscence.

THOMAS D. LYONS, '04.

Attorney John Jerauld leaned back in his chair and said thoughtfully, more to himself than to any other: "Why was I never married, Billy? Well, I'll tell you."

"Oh, I can guess the reason," answered Bill Joyce, the junior partner, who was just out of college and regarded Jerauld much as an elder brother. "I presume that your legal instinct would have begun searching for some means to break the contract before it had endured six months, just to test some pet theory of law. I can understand that a man hard-headed enough to become the greatest criminal lawyer on the coast wouldn't have much room for the tender passion in his make-up; and that's one reason I won't get very close to the top rung myself, I'm afraid," he concluded with a laugh.

"I see you've been reading that fool magazine write-up, Bill, but don't let it worry you. I'm not entirely soulless either, as I'll

prove to you if you'll listen, for I've got the 'blues' to-day and want to talk. I've been recollecting."

The young attorney drew up his chair and sat silent, for something in the tone of the other had banished his merriment. Then Jerauld went on.

"You know old Clem Baker who was in here the other day, the white-haired old man that stayed the whole forenoon?"

"The old fellow that lives alone in the big stone house?" asked Joyce.

"Yes, he's the one. But he didn't always live alone out there. He had two children—twins, they were, a boy and a girl—and if ever children were the pride and joy of a parent's heart those two were. The old man just doted on them. Their age was about nineteen when I came here to begin practising law, now twenty years ago. Jack soon became a great friend of mine, and in a way that was not highly creditable to him. The boy had got the habit of drinking, and when he was 'full,' he usually got into some scrape that landed him in the police-station. Well, I knew the boys at the station pretty well, and knew also that Jack was of good family, so I got him out of his troubles on several occasions. Of course he felt grateful, and asked me out to the house a few times. At first I didn't care to go very often, for they lived in rather grand style, and I was only a poverty-stricken young lawyer. But after I became acquainted with Esther Baker, my visits became more frequent, and it wasn't long till I found that on my side of the case at least, things were serious: I was in love with Esther. Well, it didn't take me long to find out that she thought a good deal of me; so after a year had gone by and my practice had picked up to some decent proportions, I asked her to marry me. Well, she didn't say no, but on the other hand she wouldn't agree to any definite date, so that was the state of affairs; and though it was a little unsettled I was pretty well content with it.

"In the meantime Jack had been going from bad to worse, and it was the common thing for the police to pick him up drunk and send him home in a cab. Naturally Esther and old man Baker were broken-hearted. The old man tried everything, even sent him to Europe for a summer; and finally finding all other things useless refused to give him any more money. That was indirectly the cause of the terrible disaster that wrecked the lives

of the Baker family and, well—" The old lawyer smiled tenderly. He had forgotten the presence of his auditor completely. Then he said gently:

"It has saddened my life also. Jack by this time was about as low as he could go. He frequented the worst resorts in the city; and his habitual associates were ruffians, and, as it transpired, even criminals; for one night, goaded on by the craze for liquor, he planned with an ex-convict to sandbag and rob an old man who kept a little shop round the corner. Then he spent what little money he had for drink to nerve himself for the deed: He became hopelessly intoxicated, and when he regained consciousness, it was next morning at the police station. The old man was dead, and Jack's accomplice had turned State's evidence, testifying that Baker had killed and robbed the old man while he stood guard on the outside. The stolen money was found on Baker's person. Jack didn't deny the crime, he merely said he didn't know; but his father spent \$50,000 trying to save him. It was no use, however; Jack was sentenced to be hanged, and his traitorous accomplice was sent up for life.

"Well, some time after that I was out at Baker's house, and after a time Esther and I started to talk of our own affairs, forgetting, for the moment, Jack and his great misfortune. But suddenly the girl burst out crying, and said, 'John, if you can save my brother, I'll marry you at once.'

"Of course, it was rather a strange proposition; there was no earthly chance to save him; the execution was but three days distant, and the Governor had already refused his pardon. Most men would have given up and decided that the young lady's affections were scarcely worth while, since she made such an impossible condition. But I knew the girl, and that made the difference with me.

"I went to the Governor's house that afternoon, but he was out of the state and would not return till the day before the date set for the hanging. I put in the two days I was forced to wait in reviewing the case. I was already thoroughly familiar with it, having been one of the defendant's lawyers; but in those two days I discovered a fact that we had all overlooked before. At least, it seemed to me to be a fact. The confession of the state's principal witness, I believed, was too full, too logical for a man under the strain of a sweat-box examination to make. He must

have thought it out before. And if he had thought it out before, why could he not—
But I am getting ahead of my story.

"On the day before the execution I went to see the Governor. He had not yet arrived, but I remained at his house; and about two o'clock in the morning I intercepted him on the doorstep. It was bitter cold and snowing, but he listened to me there for an hour; then told me that he was sorry, but that he could do nothing. I took a special train to the prison, two hundred miles away, and arriving there at nine o'clock was permitted to enter the cell of Jack's accomplice. The execution was set for ten o'clock. I put certain questions to this man and found out, as I had expected, that his former confession was all false, that he himself had done the murder, and that Jack had not even been near the place at the time. I could have cried out for joy. I rushed out for the guard to take him to the warden's office and have him make affidavit to the facts he had confessed to me. This he had promised to do. But before we reached the warden's door he asked me to send the guard away, which I did; then he told me that my word in the matter would be no good against his oath; that he had children, and that he would not confess his crime on account of the stigma it would put upon them.

When I told him how terrible it was to send an innocent man to the gallows he merely laughed; and the guard took him back to his cell. It was then 9:50, and ten minutes later they hanged Jack Baker for the crime which he had not committed. I told him the truth just before they brought him to the gallows, and I know the knowledge of his innocence made death easy for him. Two months later his sister died—the doctors said of nervous prostration. The old man is still alive; you saw him the other day. They say he's crazy, and I should not be surprised if it's true. Poor old man!" concluded Attorney Jerauld. Then he repeated softly: "Poor old man!" And Billy Joyce thought he might very properly have said those words of himself.

The Sluggard.

With shoes unlaced and coat half on
He tumbles down the stairs,
He's just in time to hear "Amen,"
And be late for morning prayers.

W. D.

The Coming Home.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

The night is intensely dark. Not a glimmer comes through the thick and heavy clouds, and objects ten feet away are lost in the gloom. The howling wind drives the waves far up on the beach, and farther out the breakers lash the lighthouse with terrific violence. The noise reverberates along the cliffs and the rain pours down in torrents. Nature's elements are waging a fierce conflict.

The good fisher-folk gather in their humble cots to invoke protection for their absent kinsmen at sea. In one little cottage a faint light flickers on a woman beside a cradle. Though young, her face is thin and wan and her countenance is burdened with anxiety. Suddenly she turns from her sleeping infant, and, going to the window, she tries to pierce the Cimmerian gloom without. "Why does he not come home?" she sighs, and the words come from a soul wrung with anguish.

She opens the door. The wind and rain almost carry her off her feet, and she exclaims, "My God! what a night! Will he never come?" She falls on her knees at the side of the babe and prays as only a faithful wife can pray. Again she opens the door and with much effort goes outside. Only the howl of the wind, the splashing of the rain and the roar of the sea meet her ears. She can see nothing, not even the lighthouse, for it has fallen a victim to the fury of the storm.

She enters the house, and falling upon her knees, she supplicates fervently. Again she goes to the door. No sign yet. "My God!" she prays, "bring him home to his wife and child." Exhausted she totters to her seat, and, bowing her head over the cradle, is soon asleep.

The storm is over; the wind has subsided and the sea is calm. The dim light of the early dawn peeps timidly through the window of the little cottage and falls upon the reclining figure at the cradle. Heavy footsteps approach, the sleeper awakes and the door is quickly opened. The vanguard has arrived to break the news, and a few minutes later a corpse bruised and drenched, with hair glistening with sea salt, is carried in. He has come home.

The Mining of Coal.

LOUIS M. FETHERSTON, '04.

There can hardly be any question that the vast coal beds are one of the great resources of the United States. Stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Florida to the Gulf, they are the means by which millions of men earn their daily bread; and yet the average reader knows less about mining than about almost any other occupation.

The plan of a coal mine is very simple. It may be likened to an underground city, having its streets and its avenues. The streets are the entries, the avenues the air passages. From the bottom of the shaft run the main entries in the different directions. Others are then turned from these and divide the coal into blocks. Air passages bisect these entries and extend to the rooms not on the main air route. Trap doors are also erected which check the current of air and force it into the entries which could not otherwise be reached.

The greatest caution is taken in the ventilation of a mine, both for the lives of the men and for the life of the mine itself. By shutting off the current, the roof of the shaft, generally of slate, which lies above the coal, becomes soft and, in consequence, will cut and crumble until it finally breaks down. Again, the coal itself is affected in the same manner as the slate and a piece may be easily crushed in the hand. The air is supplied by means of a giant fan wheel erected over a shaft dug for that purpose. The fan revolves at a high rate of speed and forces the air below. So great is the pressure that it is impossible to ascend the air shaft while the fan is in motion. This, in general, is the plan of a mine; the real interest lies in the working of the coal.

The men are assigned to rooms off the different entries. Two men, generally, are given a room and work as "pardners." Their room is marked out by the "pit boss," and they begin work. First an incision, called a "cut," is made in the coal, running from top to bottom. It is generally about two feet wide and extends back five or six feet. Making this "cut" is, undoubtedly, the most scientific part of the miner's work. It is, at least, that about which he takes the greatest delight in telling when seated with his companions, enjoying the noonday meal. In making a "cut" the miner resembles a machine. Kneel-

ing he swings the pick backwards and forwards, moving not only his arms but his whole body as well. Almost as regular as the ticking of a clock are the strokes, and chip by chip the coal falls until the cut is the required depth; that is, when the coal is no longer within his reach. Meanwhile, his "pardner" has drilled a hole for the shot. Formerly this had to be done with a churn drill and occupied considerable time, but now a machine is employed. The hole is drilled at the opposite side of the room and is slanted toward the cut. It is from eight to twelve feet in depth and about three inches in circumference. Into this is inserted the cartridge, made of giant powder packed in a paper tube almost the size of the hole and from four to eight feet in length. It is pushed back with an instrument called a needle—a long, slender steel rod—which is left in the hole. Clay is then tamped in, filling the hole completely. The needle is withdrawn and a squib, a small tube of gunpowder, little larger than a match and tipped with sulphur, is inserted loosely and lighted. The sulphur burns for over a minute, giving the men ample time to reach a place of safety. When the fire reaches the gunpowder, the squib, by reason of the tight packing, is forced along the hole left by the needle until it reaches the cartridge which is exploded by the sparks. The coal separated by the cut is blown down, leaving the room nearly triangular in shape. Another cut is made on the opposite side of the room, a shot fired, and in this way the room is kept even. It is worked back until within ten or twelve feet of another room when it is abandoned. The coal left standing is called a pillar. These remain until the rest of the coal is worked out, when, starting at the outer works of the mine, the men remove as many of them as can safely be done.

The coal blown down by the shot is loaded into small cars and drawn to the bottom of the shaft by a mule. The drivers of these mules are allotted certain routes and bring the empty cars to the workers in their turn. As the mine extends farther and farther inward a relay station, called a "parting," is made. The drivers who go to the outer works bring the loaded cars to this parting and leave them on the side track whence they are pulled to the bottom by another driver. In this way an almost constant stream of cars is kept moving to and from the shaft.

In order to identify the loaded car, the

miner is given a check number and a quantity of brass checks corresponding to that number. Before loading the car a check is hung on the inside and is removed by the man weighing the coal, who credits the weight of the car to the check number. In order to avoid any possible misunderstanding in regard to weight, a man called a check weigh-man, who co-operates with the company weigh-man, is employed and paid by the miners themselves. The location of the scales vary, depending on the will of the men. If on top, the coal passes over a screen and the men are paid only for the lump or block coal, but if below, slack and lump coal are considered. This is called "mine run." The price per ton is higher if the coal is weighed on top than if regulated by "mine run."

The coal is hoisted by means of cages which work on the same plan as elevators, with the exception that they are pulled up and down by steam power. One of these cages is fitted with safety locks,—bars of steel attached to the rope and passing through the top of the cage. If the rope breaks or slackens, these bars are driven into the side of the shaft and prevent the cage from falling. On this cage only are the men allowed to ascend and descend. Since a cage load is limited to six men the struggle for places at the end of the day's work is interesting. The shots are fired at four o'clock and the man who is farthest away from the shaft fires first. Then in constant succession, like the guns of a battery, the other shots follow, making the ground tremble as if a miniature earthquake was at work, and soon the bottom of the shaft is filled with a happy, noisy crowd, ready to be drawn up once more to fresh air and sunshine.

A Cure for Rheumatism.

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

"First time you meet the old man," said the clerk as I registered at a county inn, "tetch him and start as if he's afire. Why? Oh well—here he comes now."

With increasing sound from the long corridor came the regular beat of a walking stick. Stick and beard worked in unison as if that round-faced squinting little man was but a perfectly organized machine.

"Mornin', gentlemen! Had your mornin's

mornin' this mornin'? No? Step hyar, gentlemen: Harry, pap's best for the gentlemen. When did you left Chicagy, mistah—mistah—who mought I call your name? Well, anyhow hyars to you—No, sah, I take mine straight. Ain't tasted water for forty-five years. Water gives me rhumatiz. Hyars to you gentlemen, 'Long life, lots of money, good whisky and tobacco!"

"Same to you,—when!" I'd laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Ha! ha! whoop-a-loody, Harry! It's done it; it's done it. Gosh ding it, anyway. Kinder reckoned you'd been 'lectrocuted. Eh? Ha! ha! don't be afeared one whit 'cause it's only a cure for rhumatiz. Purty strong though, ain't he? ha! hah!"

I hadn't felt anything, but I assented. He wiped his blood-shot, lashless eyes in a snuff-stained bandana, while with one hand he dug deep into the bulging pocket of his lustre for an old black pipe, all the time chuckling merrily, and now and then stealing a glance at me.

"You reckon I'd been butted by a 'lectric car, eh? No, it's only a new-fangled cure for rhumatiz. Everybody's got a cure. Mammy hiz come to town Monday, an says, says she: 'Bile 'tato peels an whisky'; Wednesday she comes to town ag'in an says, says she, 'Take rooste talons and powder with resin.' Everybody's got a cure, an I's tried them all, gosh ding them!"

Last session down at Riley I met a 'lectriton. 'What's matter, dad,' says he to me, says he; 'What! got rhumatiz?' says he—'Got rhumatiz an all this ol' 'lectric wire layin' around rottin'? Whenever you get a pain,' says he, 'take an ol' piece of copper wire that the 'lectric's been through and wind it around the sore spot,' says he. Well, first I bound up my ankle—ha, ha! an that drove the rhumatiz up inter my knee. Fore I knowed it I had that gosh dinged wire over me from my toes to my neck an I knowed it'd work. Ha! ha! I'm so plum full of 'lectricity the rhumatizaint got no place ter hang out. Harry, you'd better go git me a rubber coat so's I can dispense hospitalities without shocking my friends. I reckon we'll all celebrate, gentlemen, hyars to you!"

He couldn't make out whether we were laughing with him or giving him the laugh. We drank his health, and were favorably disposed toward the 'lectriton cure and its cheerful rheumatic victim.

Varsity Verse.

"HIAWATHA."

You who've wandered from the city,
From the city vast and noisy,
Where the kid that sells the papers
Whistles naught but "Hiawatha;"
Where the judge and wealthy banker,
Doctor, too, and portly matron,
Merchant, lawyer, peanut vender,
Blushing dame and dudish youngster,
Sing that song in strains discordant,
Tell me truly, have they killed it?
Killed that song of "Hiawatha?"
Won't they give the one that sings it
Many "ha! ha's!" many "ha! ha's!"
Till no more we'll hear an echo,
On the streets of "Hiawatha?"

G. J. M.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

Slowly in from the sea
Wending her homeward way,
An ocean liner has come
To anchor out in the bay.

The moon sheds her silvery light
Over the sea and the land;
While borne far in on the breeze,
Come the strains of the regiment band.

A thousand in blue are on board,
Whose hearts are as light as the foam.
Three years o'er the sea they have served,
But the morrow will see them at home.

G. J. G.

PAPA'S LATIN.

"In hoc signo vince's,"
Johnnie repeated aloud;
"Papa, what's on that banner,
That's carried in the crowd?"

Then papa looked embarrassed,
As he read it o'er and o'er;
He couldn't grasp its meaning,
Though he'd heard "In hoc" before.

W. D.

LIMERICKS.

Said Johnnie: "Our parents defy us
To eat all the pie that they buy us;
I asked papa why
We should eat so much pie,
And he said that we ought to grow pious."

C. L. O'D.

There was a young fellow named Breen,
Who owned a high-power machine;
He lit a cigar
While filling the car,
And now he's nowhere to be seen.

G. H.

One evening a poet heart-sick
While counting the planets so thick
Walked into a well,
But he's living, they tell,
For they fished him out pretty damp quick.

C. L. O'D.

An Election Incident.

WILLIAM K. GARDINER, '04.

Along toward election, a few years ago, I happened to pass through that negro locality in New York popularly known as "Hell's Kitchen." There was evidently going to be some political meeting; for on one corner a platform was erected, and here and there along the curb were congregated small parties of negroes commenting on the comparative merits of the rival candidates. Before long, a large decorated truck containing campaign orators pulled up to the corner, and a well-known speaker attempted to address the audience. It soon became evident that his views did not coincide with those of the negro element; for with all his eloquence and the co-operation of several stalwart, blue-coated attendants he was unable to convince the listeners, and every word he uttered seemed to be followed by a sharp challenge. Finally, the impetuosity of the audience reached a climax, for a large, thick-set negro pushed his way through the crowd up to the very platform. Before the police attendants had time to interfere he drew from his coat pocket a razor, and with one slash divided the political banner upon which was inscribed the picture of the rival candidate. This occasioned no small amount of excitement, and soon the truck and its decorations were a wreck. The police attendants becoming aware that their force was entirely inadequate sent in a call for assistance. Soon a large body of reserves from a neighboring precinct came rushing upon the scene followed by a large and curious crowd gathered along the way. When the negroes saw the reserves coming they scattered in all directions, some taking to the neat-by tenements, while others sought refuge in the saloons. The police, however, seemed to have had previous experience in the locality, for before long about a hundred negroes were coralled in line and marched off to the station-house. Next morning I was an interested witness when the disturbers were arraigned in court. The magistrate demanded:

"Well, what have you to say for yourselves?"

None said a word but stood before him with bowed heads. Presently one negro who seemed to be the spokesman for the crowd answered:

"Yer Honar, it ain't gwaine to be no use fo' yer keepin' dese hyar colured genilmen in jail. Yer Honar, I m'sef ripped de banna

off dat truck. Yer see, we'se Repubilcans in dis hyar distrit an' we'se not gwaine to listen to none of dem democrats. We neber go to de democratic distrit an' we'se not gwaine to let dem come hyar in dis campain."

"Oh! is that so," exclaimed the magistrate; so you were the mischief-maker? Well, sir, do you know what the penalty is for the act of violence you committed last night?"

"No, sah, yer honar."

"Well, I'll sentence you to thirty days in jail, or else pay a fine of fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars, sah! Wall, Lord hab mercy! I'd radder pay twice dat amount den go to jail, specially 'round election. Hyar's yer fifty bones, yer Honar. I spose I'm a free man now, hain't I?"

"Yes," responded the magistrate, "get out, and if you ever come before me again I will fine you a hundred of your so-called bones. And as for you, fellows,—fine specimens of American citizens you are to allow such violence as was committed last night—well, as I have no direct evidence against you I'll discharge you, but remember, if any of you come before me again, I'll send you all up the river."

—
Squire Lammer's Party.

—
R. J. DASCHBACH, '06.

The good people of Lammerton were much worked up with expectation as Halloween drew near, and very naturally so. The squire had been driving about his town for the past few days 'just to see old familiar faces,' as he put it; but his main reason, in fact, his only reason in calling on all his friends was to leave 'a pressing invitation to come and help to make merry with the majesty of the law.' Every home in that quiet little town he visited, for every man was his friend there, and no one thought of refusing to gratify the old fellow's wish. The night would be a memorable one they guessed, and they'd bring their wives along—for the women-folks might like to do some talking, too.

There are certain parties,—hardly social functions one would call them—in which men can get along very well alone, playing a lone hand and glad that they have no partner to remind them that the dawn is nigh. Such was not the kind of party the old squire was contemplating. He had reminiscences that flooded his memory and which must be

retailed to sympathetic hearts. There were many, too, living in the place that was proud to bear his name, who had some sweet tales to tell, and these tales the genial old man never wearied of hearing. Besides, it was to be a merry-making, and Lammerton's men, women and children would tune the feast to his heart's content.

He had no wife to bless his cozy home-stead; but you should not conclude from this that he was a staid old bachelor who looks with cynical pity on the borrowed woes of his fellowman. No; there was a happy honeymoon in which he figured long, long ago. There was a certain Celie, a girl from "ole Virginie" who had the good fortune to meet the future squire when he was only a rollicking, brave, stubborn, but withal a most loveable chap just past fourteen. Her father was the proprietor of cotton and tobacco plantations, fenceless for miles, he used to tell us, but it was not the value or extent of that pretty stretch of country that he liked to revert to when musing over boyhood's days. "My father was a wealthy land-owner, too," he would add, "but his son owned Celie, only Celie, and he was rich with such a girl."

He was not mistaken about his treasure. Those who knew her, knew a lady, a Southern lady, with the grace, the dignity and the heart of a queen. From girlhood to womanhood she was ever a part of his life, and after their plighted love she seemed even more charming than when a bit of a boy he taught her to mount his dapple-grey. She was always the idol of his daily devotion. His home was a home, the most attractive place on earth, because Celie was there, and even the stranger who lingered to rest himself at the door felt the spell of her presence.

Three brief years of their wedded life had passed—oh what a change a short space of time can bring!—three swift summers sped by, and while autumn was trying its handiwork on the maples a fell disease was fast and surely spiriting poor Celie away. Ere the first cheerless frost came to weave its chilly mantle over the fields, the two lovers had parted forever.

"Aunty," the negress,—she had no other name—who had come with them from the plantation "to be their aunty alwus," seemed to have buried her heart in the grave of her mistress. For many days she sang no more the sweet little ditties that used to make the housework so easy, but she helped in her

own silent way to soothe the grief of her heart-broken master. Old Tote, who took care of the garden and chopped all the fire-wood and had a hand in making the julep, grew older and sadder together, for he shared in the sorrow of "aunty" and "Massa." Lonely and desolate were they, and long was the voice of the dear one missed in that mansion.

Not since Celie's death, twenty years before, had the squire taken part in any festivities, and now he meant to make up for the good times he had missed during his long period of mourning. He wanted to have a good time with old-time fun at least once before he died, for he was past eighty then and his time was drawing near. He intended to make this party a memorable one in the town's history, and he had spent much time and money in preparing for it. He had renovated his barn and had a dancing floor put in it, so that the guests might have the best dancing possible.

The old man had been very lonely since his wife's death. Now he was alone in the great house with the two old servants who had been a part of the household for a full quarter of a century. He decided to rid himself of this lonely feeling that clung to him so persistently and enjoy for once a few brighter hours. He planned, therefore, his Halloween party, the first since he was a young man, and invited his friends to help him to renew his acquaintance with the happiness which to him had long been unknown.

Aunty, the cook, began to prepare sweets and dainties as soon as she heard of the plan, and had stored up enough good things to feed the population of Lammerton. She was careful that no one would go hungry, and one would be convinced of this by a glimpse at the well-supplied pantry.

Old Tote, the general utility man of the estate, had busied himself for weeks cleaning out the old barn, the largest in Sherman County. He had scrubbed and polished until the poor negro thought he had about worn out his old hands. According to Tote everything about the place was "in apple-pie order" and ready for the great event.

At last the eventful day arrived, cold and crisp, and the squire's little household was in a flurry putting the finishing touches wherever needed. When everything was ready for the guests the squire seated himself in front of the great crackling log fire to await the hour when the merry-makers would arrive. His face bore a look of satisfaction, the look of

a contented and happy man, for he had not been so happy in many years.

"Aunty," said he, as the old negress came in to light the lamp, "if I'd known it was so much pleasure to get ready for a party, I would have 'had one every year."

Aunty only chuckled to herself as she waddled away to see if Tote had completed the many tasks she had set for him.

As the last sparrow fell asleep and the moonbeams began to steal through the thin mist the squire went out to the barn, for he knew that the guests would soon arrive, and it was his duty to be on hand to greet them.

The first to arrive was Hiram Dudley with his fiddle which had seen service at every festivity that had been held in Lammerton for many years past. Next came Hank Johnson with his concertina, and the two musicians took their places on the small platform and settled themselves for the fray, for many beautiful selections were doomed to be murdered that night.

The scene presented by this happy throng was charming. The dim, mellow lights of the jack-o'-lanterns and the piles of blood-red apples added quaintness to the picture. The walls were covered with corn stalks, and holly boughs adorned the ceiling.

The sweet strains from Hiram's violin, accompanied by the low and soothing chords of the concertina, seemed to carry away the assembly as they swept over the polished floor. Blushing country maidens danced and chatted with lanky, awkward farm boys, while the mothers gathered in corners discussing the town gossip. The old men were grouped about the outside of the big doors talking of happy times and smoking the cigars which the squire had thoughtfully provided for the occasion.

The feast was laid in the spacious dining-hall, and it was a happy throng that later surrounded the festive board, and many were the happy compliments paid the genial host. Throughout the evening he seemed to be delighted with the success of his party. Once he admitted that he felt young again,—his feet were betraying him into a dance with the youngest. He wished to say something of one who could dance, who did dance, but she was—and his heart grew weak. He sank back into his great arm-chair unable to tell how he longed to meet the dear queen who reigned in his household. He had even then gone to meet her—he sat there dead!

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—Now that most of the vacancies on the editorial staff are filled, we should have little difficulty every week in finding suitable matter for the columns of this paper. At present we have an abundance of copy, but much of it is unavailable. The quantity is there, but the quality is decidedly mediocre. This mediocrity does not spring from want of ability. Some manuscripts betray a haste on the part of the writers that would be commendable in a track-meet competition but not in one for a place on a journal of any literary pretensions. Others are weak in incident and characterization, defects which, we hope, will diminish with class-work experience. As for verse, we have received little, and that little is not of the kind that improves with age; consequently, we trust that those who have a penchant for such exercise will early favor us with their contributions. We are not expected to write poetry, but we are reasonably thought capable of doing fairly presentable work in prose and verse. The list of names at the head of this column should be a guarantee of faithfully executed effort. The respect and support of our readers can not be won otherwise than by carefully thought out and well-written assignments, and we shall not fail in this respect if we take reasonable pains with our work. Above all, let us remember that for the budding author rewriting and revision are necessary. By heeding these hints our paper will retain its place among the best college publications.

—The question of religious education in the public schools is being warmly discussed in letters to some of the leading journals. A favorite argument of those opposed to religious training is to quote instances of youths educated at Catholic schools and colleges who later turned out anything but models. Only the ignorant and misinformed can be caught by the conclusion which this reasoning suggests. The Catholic Church does not contend that religious instruction imparted merely in the school or college is a talisman by which the youth is to be made perfect. According to her teaching, three influences must work hand in hand to bring about the best results. These are the home, the church and the school. What is the experience of Catholic educators? Many students attending the Catholic schools have had a very imperfect home training. They learned to look lightly on the obligation of going to church on Sunday and neglected to approach the sacraments. Very often the good effects of the moral lessons taught at school are nullified by the example of parents and companions of earlier days. Yet handicapped as the teacher is in these instances, religious training in the school is counted a failure by short-sighted persons because all who have attended Catholic schools have not walked in the light. Man is human, and even under the most favorable circumstances he can not accomplish all that he would; but the Church teaches that by the proper discipline of home and school supplemented by her own, the danger of moral degeneration is reduced to a minimum. That is her attitude, and it is one which certain controversialists knowingly or ignorantly misconstrue.

—Public attention has recently been diverted from the far East to affairs nearer home. The question people were feverishly asking was not, had Japan declared war on Russia, but had New York capitulated to Dowie? The "venerable" prophet moved on Gotham in eight splendid siege trains and succeeded in making a peaceful entry. The achievement seems to have been badly worth the cost. He went and saw, but there are people bold and irreverent enough to deny that he has accomplished anything further. His experience in the empire city has been rather disappointing. In that little world of strange sights and ever-shifting panorama, the "successor"

of Elijah soon lapsed into the commonplace. For a time he interested and amused, but for the most part his presence has provoked ridicule. His converts were few and his thousand-dollar contributions fewer still. It may be that his arrival was inopportune, yet at what more favorable moment could he have come than at the time when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston and London were doing the metropolis? Never before in the annals of Manhattan was a temperance crusade so timely. Yet in spite of all, Dowie seems to have furnished little more than an element of picturesqueness in the great municipal campaign now in progress. Still he has contributed to the entertainment of the nation, and it may be to the curiosity of posterity. A generation hence—perhaps much earlier—an enterprising east-side museum manager may afford visitors the privilege of viewing the prophet's mantle "for the small sum of ten cents."

—It is astonishing how readily some students forget the good manners they practised at home. We are all conscious of our duty to perfect our intellectual faculties, but we sometimes lose sight of the necessity of developing the social man. Every day in the refectory it is possible to remark violations of etiquette which would be sure to incur severe censure if committed at any social function where gentlemanly conduct is required. These breaches against social usage occur in many ways, but here we shall mention only a few. Certain students arrive habitually late for meals and thus cause no little discomfort to their fellows. Others betray a greediness and selfishness at table—they actually root through the dish for the most succulent piece of roast. We have heard that there are some who still persist in using the knife improperly. Again, the carrying of fruit or cake away from the table is a fault as mean as it is frequent. In the face of a dire famine such a fault might be overlooked. Further objectionable practices are boisterous talking, lack of consideration for the waiters, lolling in one's chair after the meal is over and using toothpicks at table. The toothpick should be used as little as possible in public. All these slips seem trifling in themselves, but their correction is demanded by good sense and a deference for the wishes of others.

The Inter-Collegiate Debates.

The debating season of 1903-1904 was opened October 25, when the candidates for this year's Varsity debating teams met in the Law lecture room to draw for places in the first of the series. Nineteen men were present and many more are expected to be heard from within the next week. Through some misunderstanding the announcement was not made in all the halls, but there is still a plenty of time for further entries and for preparation for the contests. The meeting was attended by many of last year's candidates, but not nearly as many men have yet entered as should. The series of debates will start Monday evening, November 16.

The subject for debate is: Resolved, That municipal ownership of public utilities is undesirable. The names of those present at the meeting are: Joseph J. Meyers, Thomas D. Lyons, Louis Carey, Daniel C. Dillon, Gallitzen A. Farabaugh, Maurice T. Griffin, Thomas Toner, Robert E. Proctor, Fred W. Kasper, Walter Daly, Ambrose O'Connell, Eugene J. O'Connor, Frank Lonergan, Harry Hogan, B. V. Kanaley, Nicholas Furlong, W. K. Gardiner, L. Fetherston, Frank Barry.

The inducements for candidates this year are particularly alluring. Never before in the history of debating at Notre Dame have such chances to win self-advancement and reputation along forensic lines been offered. It is expected that there will be three regular debating teams, all representing the University. One team, according to the agreement of last year, will debate Oberlin; and if possible, debates will be arranged with some three of the following colleges or universities: Northwestern, Lake Forest, Earlham, Indianapolis. So here is an opportunity for nine men, instead of three as heretofore, to represent Notre Dame in debate. Surely, this is an incentive to all to enter and try for a place on one of the three teams. Those desiring to enter should immediately hand in their names to Professor Steele who this year has charge of the debating teams and who will coach them for the contests.

Notre Dame has always held an enviable position in debating. Her teams have never yet been defeated, and they have met some of the strongest teams in the Middle West. Relying on her past record, as proving what her men can do, Notre Dame this year

intends to invade the debating field still further and put three teams into competition against other universities. In order to do this with good results everyone who is interested should come out, and, either by making one of the teams or by furnishing keen competition to draw out the best efforts of those who may be successful in winning places, work for the advantage of themselves and of Notre Dame.

B. V. Kanaley, '04.

Athletic Notes.

THE VARSITY OVERWELMS THE CHICAGO DOCTORS.

The Varsity administered a severe dose to the Doctors of the American College of Chicago last Saturday, scoring fifty-two points against the latters' zero. Despite the large score, Notre Dame put up a ragged article of football, and again proved miserably weak in team work. The linemen were the worst offenders in this respect. At times they played brilliantly only to offset it by a decided slump. They do not seem as yet to have acquired the habit of pulling together which is necessary for good team work, an essential part of the category of a winning team. The first half was decidedly the poorest played. In the second half the men entered into the game with more spirit, the result of Captain Salmon's heart-to-heart talk to them between the halves. The interference alone was the one redeeming feature of Notre Dame's play, and was undoubtedly as good as any we have seen on Cartier Field in years.

THE GAME.

Salmon kicked off forty yards to Chicago. After the Doctors had ripped through our line five successive times, an attempt to punt was blocked by Sheehan on Medics' forty-yard line, and the ball became our possession. Salmon plugged through for twenty, Lonergan added fifteen, and Shaughnessy went over for a touchdown, Salmon kicking goal. On next kick-off Notre Dame got ball on Medics' thirty-yard line, but after working it to the five-yard line, was held for downs. Medics punted, Lonergan securing ball and scoring touchdown. Salmon kicked goal.

The next touchdown came on forty-five-yard run by Lonergan, who was afforded clever interference by Salmon and Silver. Salmon kicked goal. After an exchange of punts,

and bucks by Salmon, Lonergan and Shaughnessy, Salmon made touchdown and kicked goal. Score first half, 24 to 0.

In second half Captain Salmon retired to the side-lines to review the work of his men, Draper going into full. Touchdowns in this half were scored by Shaughnessy, Lonergan, McGlew and Cullinan, Lonergan kicking three goals. The final score: Notre Dame, 52; Medics, 0. Features of game were long runs by Cullinan, Lonergan and McGlew for touchdowns, Draper's line bucking and Shaughnessy's all-around work.

**

NOTRE DAME, 46; P. AND S., 0.

The strong P. and S. team fell down before our brilliant offense last Thursday in the best game played on Cartier Field this season. The Varsity showed a wonderful improvement over the previous game, and presented an offense that was practically invincible. The defense too has strengthened considerably. It was tested to the utmost during the second half. The Doctors carried the ball by line hurdling to our five-yard line. Here our defense stiffened, and the Doctors were hurled back for a loss. The defensive work at this crucial point was a revelation to the rooters, and has given them unbounded confidence in the team's ability to take care of its goal. The fast work of our backs and ends in the first half literally swept the visitors off their feet, and as a result 40 points were rolled up. Long and brilliant runs by Lonergan, Nyere, and Shaughnessy, the terrific line plunges of Salmon, and the heady interference work of McGlew and Silver, were features of the game. The linemen are to be congratulated on the improvement shown. Their team work was far better, and in mostly every play they were strongly in evidence. Prominent among the P. and S. players was the old Notre Dame star of '00, Earl Wagner, tackle; also F. Griffin, end.

**

The ex-Minim-Minim annual game was played last Sunday afternoon on Cartier Field, and resulted in an easy victory for the Minimites. The youngsters cleverly outplayed their heavier opponents at every stage of the game, and held the ex-Minims safe throughout. Two touchdowns were scored by the Minims, one in each half; attempts to kick goal failing in both cases. End runs, trick plays, and line smashes were worked

with great success by the youngsters, and very cleverly, too.

Of the Minims, no one player in particular can be picked as doing any better work than his team-mates. The whole team played good football from start to finish. Of the ex-Minimites, McDermont was the lone star.

**

Corby and St. Joe played off the first game of the Inter-Hall series Thursday, the former winning, 17 to 0. The Corby team put up a fast article of football and showed that they will be running for the Inter-Hall Championship.

League Standing.

	W.	L.	%
Corby	1	0	1.000
St. Joe	0	1	.000
Sorin	0	0	.000
Brownson	0	0	.000

**

The field-day exercises held last week by the Minims of St. Edward's Hall were carried out most successfully and were witnessed by many visitors as well as by other relatives and friends of the competitors. In the evening the little fellows received their well-earned prizes which surpassed those of former years in value and variety. We were unable to give the following summaries a place in last week's issue:

First 100-Yard Dash.

- 1st Competition—E. Connolly (1), D. McFadden (2).
 2d Competition—S. Moebius (1), E. Yrissarri (2).
 3d Competition—W. Ryan (1), H. Warren (2).
 4th Competition—E. Small (1), O. Marquette (2).

Hurdle Race.

- 1st Competition—H. Cornell (1), T. Roberts (2).
 2d Competition—W. Gasman (1), R. McGill (2).
 3d Competition—C. Green (1), C. Shannon (2).
 4th Competition—W. Smith (1), W. Cooley (2).

Putting 12 pound Shot.

- 1st Competition—J. Halloran (1), T. Roberts (2).
 2d Competition—J. Brennan (1), E. Frossard (2).

High Jump.

- 1st Competition—J. Yrissarri (1), C. Kelly (2).
 2d Competition—R. Sullivan (1), W. Upman (2).

Pole Vault.

- 1st Competition—C. Kelly (1), J. Woods (2).
 2d Competition—H. Symonds (1), J. Brennan (2).

Broad Jump.

- 1st Competition—H. Cornell (1), C. Kelly (2).
 2d Competition—B. Roe (1), G. Felix (2).
 3d Competition—J. McCauley (1), L. Heeb (2).
 4th Competition—R. Connelly (1), G. Farrell (2).

Three-Legged Race.

- 1st Competition—C. Kelly (1), J. Woods (2).
 2d Competition—S. Moebius (1), I. Schiff (2).

3d Competition—F. Spengler (1), O. McGinnis (2).
 4th Competition—A. Byrnes (1), E. Piel (2).

Sack Race.

- 1st Competition—K. Weist (1), T. McFadden (2).
 2d Competition—L. Robinson (1), W. Gasman (2).
 3d Competition—B. Marr (1), W. Cotter (2).
 4th Competition—R. Whiteley (1), H. Whiteley (2).

Bicycle Race.

- 1st Competition—L. Weist (1), J. Dean (2).
 2d Competition—T. Byrne (1), J. Masters (2).
 3d Competition—F. Loan (1), C. Brinkmann (2).

Long-Distance Run.

- 1st Competition—E. Connolly (1), C. Von Phul (2).
 2d Competition—H. Schneider (1), P. Quinlan (2).
 3d Competition—J. Gallart (1), A. Byrnes (2).

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom and goodness to call to their rewards the brothers of A. C. O'Donnell and T. L. McKeon of Carroll and Brownson Halls respectively, and members of the "Pennsylvania Club;" and

WHEREAS, We deeply condole with them in their sorrow and sad bereavement; be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we, their classmates and fellow-members of the "Pennsylvania Club," tender them and their afflicted families our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC, and that copies of the same be sent to their sorrow-stricken families.

THOMAS KENNY,
 T. P. BUTLER,
 W. J. HEYL,
 S. J. McCABE.—Committee.

**

The students of Carroll Hall sincerely sympathize with their beloved companion and classmate, Mr. A. L. O'Donnell, who was called home during the past week to attend the funeral of his brother, at Nedua, Penn.

E. L. ROUSSEAU,
 S. BAILLARGEON,
 T. BUTLER,
 J. F. BERTELING.—Committee.

Personals.

—Henry Wenter, Com'l '03, is with the National Biscuit Company, Chicago.

—Thomas Cahill, Commercial '03, has a position as assistant bookkeeper with Boyle and Company, Chicago.

—Maurice J. Riley, Commercial '03, has a position as bookkeeper with the Montgomery National Bank, Montgomery, W. Va.

—We were glad to have the pleasure of seeing Father O'Gara McShane of Chicago at Notre Dame last Thursday. He was accompanied by Fathers Reidy and Burke who were lately ordained at Carlow College, Ireland, and are now on their way to Wichita, Kansas, the field of their future labors.

—Word received from John W. Dubbs of Mendota, Illinois, announces that he succeeded in passing the recent Illinois Bar examination and has opened up an office in Mendota. John, who was very popular at Notre Dame, graduated in Law last June. His many friends wish him success in the practice of his profession.

—Two of the most welcome visitors of the week are Mr. Arthur V. Corry and wife of Butte, Montana. Mr. Corry, who is now a successful mining engineer, is well remembered as one of the brightest students of the years '92 and '93. While going East on his wedding tour he stopped off to renew his acquaintance with Notre Dame. His numerous friends among the Faculty and students were delighted to see him and wish both himself and his charming wife many years of wedded happiness.

—Visitors for the week:—Mrs. Kate M. Niff, Painesville, Ohio; Miss Bertha Mason, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mrs. S. A. Mason and Miss Ruth Mason, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. W. M. Garfield, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. A. Fitzgibbon, Master and Miss Fitzgibbon, Chicago; Mrs. H. Kelly, Las Vegas, New Mexico; Mrs. Patrick Cavanaugh, Miss Inderrieden and Miss Cavanagh, Chicago; Mrs. J. P. Huxley, Youngstown, O.; Mrs. Elsie Dow, Salem, O.; Mrs. Reynolds Couden, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Lillian Doty and Mrs. Charles Creviston, South Bend; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Heyl, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Kuhn, Detroit, Michigan; Mr. Brannick, Portland, Oregon; William M. Chatard, Chicago.

Local Items.

—ADVERTISEMENT—Wanted by a certain senior Law student an automatic smoke-consumer.

—We learn that as soon as the retreat is over the sophomore class (classical) intend giving a smoker. A generous display of hospitality may be expected.

—It is gratifying to observe the earnestness and attention with which so many of the students perform the exercises of the retreat. Time spent in prayer and religious work is well invested.

—The news that the trolley line will be

extended to Cartier Field has been welcomed by the students. While the fare to South Bend will be reduced the fair at the baseball and football games will increase.

—Why have the members of the law classes delayed so long without organizing? We have not yet heard that any class officers were elected. It is high time to make a move in this direction if precedent is not to be disregarded.

—Some material which has been collected for the use of those who have entered for the debate may be found on a special table in the library. More will be added as soon as the necessary list of reference books has been made out.

—The latest American invention may be seen by going down to the road where a steam stump-puller is now being tested preparatory to acceptance by the Tammany Tigers to draw stump speeches in the coming mayoralty campaign.

—Members of the New York State Club, and all eligible for membership, are requested to meet in the Columbian room on Sunday Nov. 1, at 1 p. m. Those members who absent themselves without good cause will no longer be regarded as belonging to the society.

—Passing the Main Building a few nights ago we heard very spirited applause from the Philopatrians. Surely there must have been good reason for all the enthusiasm. Has the society any officers? If so, how is it that the SCHOLASTIC receives no reports?

—During the past week Prof. J. F. Edwards and his assistants have been busy arranging the library books in their proper places. Let us hope that in the near future we may find "everything in its place and a place for everything," and that such conditions will exist permanently.

—Some of the New Yorkers at the University are spending sleepless nights discussing the outcome of the pending political contest in the Empire City. Interest in affairs of state is commendable, but do not allow your eloquence on the subject to distract the prefect and increase your demerits.

—In years past some of the brighter students in the different halls took pleasure in furnishing these columns with accounts of local happenings. This year, Corby, Carroll and Brownson seldom send us anything. We suggest that this matter be taken up in some of the composition classes.

—The Minim Specials and the Ex-Minim scrubs played such an interesting game last Sunday that arrangements are being made for the ex-Minim Regulars to play the winners. With Brown, Symonds, Dinan, Kelly and Creveling of the ex-Minims playing, the game would be very interesting for our Minim friends.

—Football enthusiasts returning from the game last Saturday may have noticed a ring of dancing, yelling spectators on the Sorin Hall campus. Those responsible for the excitement were two successors of the famous sewing circle who had engaged in a wrestling match. Only when Tommy Hammer read the riot act did the contestants desist.

—A praiseworthy feature of last Thursday's game with the Physicians and Surgeons was the excellent rooting furnished by the students. There is no doubt that this form of encouragement has a most beneficial effect on the players. In all probability the rooting was an important factor in enabling our men to hold the Doctors on our five-yard line. Keep it up, fellows, at all future games.

—Yes, boys, at last Sorin has an appropriate mascot in the form of "Bert," a large, black crow which was successfully bagged by an enthusiastic sportsman last week in the woods back of Cartier Field. At first it was thought the crow would die from complication of pip and phthisis, but thanks to the untiring and unceasing efforts of Dr. Voight he is rapidly convalescing, though unable at present to give any caws for his existence.

—The bi-monthly examinations are over, and from what we are able to learn concerning them the students have done remarkably well. This satisfactory news is largely the result of the industry with which the boys applied themselves almost since the classes for the year were organized. Never before, we believe, were there so few loafers in evidence, which is alike creditable to the students themselves and to Notre Dame. The bulletins will be a source of pleasure to all concerned.

—When a member of the engineering class got involved in the meshes of the law we looked for interesting developments. He was particularly susceptible to the forces of attraction, and down at Mishawaka, where he was engaged as draughtsman, this force was unusually powerful. Was it any wonder that instead of making tangents he indulged in describing curves? As we go to press we learn that the court took into account the mitigating circumstances and denied his friends the pleasure of visiting him in jail.

—Have you noticed the unfortunate Carrollite, wearily dragging himself along, with despondency written on his countenance? He is brooding over last Sunday's defeat. We sympathize with him for the loss of the banquet promised him by Brother Vital in the event of victory. Nevertheless, we cannot but admire the sturdy little Minims who drowned the hopes of the Juniors in the salt tears of defeat. The Minims returned Thursday evening, tired and filled to repletion, after spending a most enjoyable afternoon at Niles where they were liberally feasted.

—A new social organization called the

Ping Pong Club has come into prominence during the last week. A meeting and election of officers took place Monday night in Room 70, Sorin Hall, at which Enriquez Canedo, the would-be oarsman and athlete, was elected President; Edward Hammer, Secretary; Joseph Carrigan, Treasurer; and Tom Loughran, Sergeant-at-Arms. At present the club has twenty-eight select members who are overjoyed at its prospects, and claim that the annual banquet will be a howling success and equal to any social function yet held at Notre Dame. Judging from the vocal powers of some of the members the success mentioned is likely to be realized.

Students Registered for the Fall Examinations,
October 27-28.

SORIN HALL.

L. M. Antoine, F. J. Barry, E. R. Battle, J. G. Battle, L. J. Carey, J. J. Cullinan, I. Canedo, F. J. Conboy, E. O. Canedo, L. G. Dwan, A. J. Dwan, W. M. Daly, J. A. Dubbs, D. C. Dillon, T. L. Donnelly, B. R. Enriquez, J. J. Fitzgibbon, M. L. Fañsler, B. S. Fahey, G. A. Farabaugh, W. P. Feeley, H. H. Fisher, L. M. Fetherston, N. R. Furlong, W. K. Gardiner, G. E. Gormley, Maurice Griffin, T. A. Hammer, E. T. Hammer, E. E. Hammer, H. G. Hogan, W. D. Jamieson, C. J. Kennedy, F. J. Kasper, R. A. Kasper, B. V. Kanaley, C. P. Kahler, A. E. Lally, I. F. Lomelin, P. I. Lyman, H. M. Lynch, J. L. Lamprey, F. J. Loughran, T. D. Lyons, J. J. Meyers, D. L. Murphy, J. Muriel, A. A. Munsch, F. X. Munsch, P. J. MacDonough, F. H. McKeever, G. F. McCullough, G. L. Nyere, F. G. Nieto, E. J. O'Connor, J. W. O'Neill, J. C. O'Neill, J. J. O'Connor, D. J. O'Connor, A. Pino, R. E. Proctor, J. M. Quinlan, J. D. Quinn, E. M. Ruehlebach, V. N. Rayneri, E. P. Rayneri, H. N. Roberts, S. F. Riordan, H. Rothwell, C. E. Rush, A. C. Stephan, G. T. Stanford, J. J. Sherry, L. J. Salmon, F. J. Shaughnessy, W. A. Stevens, J. T. Shea, M. J. Shea, A. E. Steiner, R. A. Trevino, M. J. Uhrich, S. F. Villanueva, J. R. Voigt, L. S. Villanueva, J. W. Wadden, W. E. Whalen, T. J. Welch, H. W. Zolpher, B. M. Daly, J. H. Medrano.

CORBY HALL.

V. L. Andrew, D. G. Alderman, W. R. Abell, C. B. Bringas, C. R. Beam, J. D. Bernard, R. Bracken, R. J. Burns, J. L. Cahill, I. Cano, C. J. Cullinan, J. F. Carrigan, J. F. Cushing, F. J. Dolan, C. J. DuBrul, W. A. Draper, J. H. Dowling, C. L. Devine, I. Del Rio, H. J. Diebold, W. J. Emerson, J. J. Flaherty, A. S. Funk, J. E. Franchere, F. T. Farrell, O. A. Fox, J. P. Feahan, S. J. Fleming, J. Farragher, S. J. Guerra, G. I. Guerra, Harry J. Geoghegan, T. M. Harris, G. A. Hermann, T. F. Healy, A. S. Hoff, R. P. Hurst, H. C. Johnson, W. L. Joyce, R. M. Kiely, L. F. Keiler, A. A. Kotte, H. M. Kemper, M. J. Kerr, F. P. Kasper, C. J. Kane, L. J. Keach, T. F. Lochray, R. R. Lally, J. Lantry, F. J. Lonergan, E. F. Miller, J. A. Moran, H. B. Morrison, E. J. Meyer, M. J. Marquez, J. A. McCaffrey, C. M. McDonald, A. W. McFarland, J. F. O'Brien, K. P. O'Brien, H. C. Piper, H. D. Patterson, J. F. Pohlman, T. C. Paullin, T. A. Quinlan, J. R. Record, P. Reed, D. W. Ryan, D. Shanahan, P. P. Sharkey, H. J. Schwarz, F.

Sarinana, P. Sanz, M. Sanz, A. J. Stopper, E. H. Schwab, N. Silver, A. C. Smith, H. S. Sheuerman, C. T. Schutz, D. A. Small, R. F. Santacruz, F. J. Torney, W. J. Winter, A. A. Winter, C. A. Winter, L. E. Wagner, A. J. Zang, P. A. Beacom.

BROWNSON HALL.

J. A. Alberti, P. Armas, H. S. Baker, S. C. Bastar, G. D. Branen, W. P. Barrett, J. H. Bach, J. F. Brogan, W. R. Bradley, W. N. Bosler, D. A. Burgett, B. L. Brooks, D. A. Cullinan, R. F. Conron, L. F. Graig, J. M. Casey, H. C. Cary, P. Cain, E. Condon, E. A. Conway, J. L. Coontz, E. M. Davis, H. Daschbach, R. Daschbach, W. E. Dechant, W. J. Donovan, V. W. Defrees, F. R. Ehrke, G. R. Eaton, F. P. Ehrmann, E. P. Escher, E. T. Greene, E. F. Gruber, J. A. Garcia, R. H. Goeke, T. J. Gehlert, C. Gerrard, T. P. Gerraughty, R. D. Gray, F. Garcia, C. E. Haney, J. W. Henry, F. J. Hanzel, F. W. Hartzer, J. C. Horn, H. C. Hughes, W. E. Hatfield, F. W. Harbin, A. P. Ill, R. S. Jennings, A. M. Jeffries, T. M. Joyce, C. H. Johnson, J. D. Jordan, M. J. Jordan, M. J. Kenefick, T. J. Kenney, J. T. Keeffe, L. A. Kolupa, M. Krembs, H. L. Litzelmann, R. Lamb, J. K. Leonard, L. Lasher, W. P. Lawless, J. H. Lawton, A. Lomba, M. P. Manzanares, R. C. Madden, B. F. Medley, J. P. Murphy, H. Moore, J. B. Moran, T. O. Maguire, C. J. Murphy, H. J. McGlew, L. McNerney, T. L. McKeown, J. C. McCaffrey, J. W. McInerny, T. C. McKillip, E. A. McDonald, F. A. McCarthy, E. W. McDermott, G. J. McDermott, D. McNicol, J. Nelson, T. Nabers, G. B. Niezer, M. Oberle, E. A. Opfergelt, R. M. O'Connell, J. P. O'Reilly, C. G. O'Malley, V. A. Parish, P. Perez, J. J. Parker, A. W. Page, J. C. Quinn, T. S. C. A. Reitz, N. L. Roach, W. J. Riney, B. A. Reisner, F. H. Strauss, J. J. Scales, W. J. Spengler, J. L. Streckfus, R. E. Scott, L. J. Steinkohl, C. J. Sheehan, F. P. Shields, A. Simon, F. W. Seidel, C. B. Tong, F. Toba, R. D. Talcott, P. E. Taprell, H. F. Wooster, G. R. White, R. W. Waldorf, L. M. Wagner, J. Worden, G. C. Ziebold, S. W. Niedbalski.

CARROLL HALL.

R. E. Anderson, A. A. Brown, V. J. Brown, J. F. Berteling, R. Bassett, F. H. Baude, J. H. Buxbaum, T. P. Butler, Louis L. Bromberg, George W. Bromberg, C. J. Branen, H. A. Beers, C. J. Baillargeon, J. A. Baillargeon, F. Brennan, B. H. Babbitt, J. Crepeau, J. H. Creveling, H. St. Clair Conover, M. G. Clarke, E. W. Coleman, M. B. Carraher, J. A. Cook, J. Condon, J. L. Cruz, T. A. Cressy, W. W. Duckett, C. J. Daly, R. Dilday, M. Del Valle, R. Dinnen, H. Donahoe, J. Dirks, W. M. Edmunds, A. C. Fernandez, J. C. Fanger, B. M. Freudenstein, M. H. Fox, J. McD. Fox, J. P. Gallart, T. E. Greene, H. E. Gagen, M. F. Genrich, L. A. Hart, J. R. Hall, A. S. Hazinski, W. J. Heyl, B. J. Houser, V. J. Hearn, W. A. Hartnett, C. H. Joy, DeWit Knox, G. G. Knox, E. D. Kreidler, A. R. Knauf, D. T. Kelly, George W. Kreer, Ferdinand J. Kuhn, G. N. Krost, C. H. Kelley, J. E. Kinney, J. L. Kinney, W. H. Kasper, P. Lucas, F. D. Legault, J. J. Lynch, B. O. Leftwich, J. Maroney, H. D. Midkiff, E. Mendell, R. D. Miller, E. L. Mooney, J. B. Morrison, D. A. Morrison, H. W. Meenach, J. W. Martin, P. W. Munson, R. Marquez, H. E. Miller, P. Morrison, C. T. McDermott, C. H. McDermott, E. F. McGrath, J. N. McCaffrey, C. J. McFarland, L. B. McCabe, W. P. McKenna, W. A. McKearney, Charles B. O'Connor, Aloysius J. O'Donnell, J. Thomas O'Meara, James O'Leary, Harry B. Ohmer, P. Pardo, F. H. Peterman, J. E. Poulin,

R. E. Paine, R. O. Probst, W. Powell, T. J. Popp, E. W. Phillips, M. G. Rubio, Manuel G. Rubio, E. S. Robinson, J. W. Roach, E. J. Rothwell, G. A. Rempe, E. L. Rousseau, R. R. Shenk, H. B. Selden, H. A. Spengler, F. E. Sabin, E. L. Symonds, G. A. Shannon, C. A. Sorg, C. B. Tyler, E. F. Vanderhoof, A. P. Villanueva, R. B. Wilson, C. J. Welch, M. H. Wallerstein, L. J. Welsh, P. A. Weisse, E. Wunsch.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

A. J. Beriault, D. P. Brennan, G. A. Buenger, J. H. Burke, W. A. Carey, J. R. Clark, E. A. Davis, T. V. Donnelly, J. A. Devers, J. A. Donahue, C. R. Finner, G. J. Finnegan, E. M. Flaherty, P. P. Forrestal, J. J. Gorman, J. M. Griffin, D. G. Griffin, W. J. Hennessy, T. P. Hagerty, C. D. Hagerty, C. E. Haight, F. A. Hayes, A. J. Hebert, P. X. Hebert, S. A. Hosinski, W. B. Irvine, T. P. Irving, P. P. Luzny, T. A. Lahey, C. C. Miltner, T. L. Mannion, M. A. Mathis, P. J. Miller, E. J. Misch, G. J. MacNamara, F. J. McElhone, H. A. Norman, D. A. O'Shea, W. J. O'Shea, S. S. Powilaiko, J. A. Quinlan, L. A. Raab, C. J. Roy, M. J. Riordan, A. V. Rozewicz, W. E. Roque, J. A. Sheedy, W. A. Steiner, S. P. Szamecki, A. F. Schlaman, W. C. Sobolewski, J. M. Toth, C. L. Tracy, F. J. Wenninger, W. M. Wimberg.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

J. L. Andert, C. A. Bagby, E. P. Brown, M. J. Brown, F. T. Collier, J. P. Cunningham, J. J. Cunningham, D. L. Callicrate, L. A. Donahoe, R. W. Donovan, A. A. Fiffe, C. J. Gebhardt, C. L. Hinds, J. T. Jordan, T. J. Jones, M. A. Lacy, F. D. Latimer, D. L. Madden, P. M. Malloy, W. B. Murphy, A. S. Miller, P. A. McShane, J. C. McDonald, G. C. McGillis, C. J. McDermott, J. A. McCullough, E. F. O'Flynn, A. A. O'Connell, J. P. O'Shea, J. I. O'Phelan, W. E. Perce, W. F. Robinson, E. A. Rush, L. Sheibelhut, G. C. Sullivan, A. F. Scott, T. J. Swantz, J. W. Sheehan, T. T. Toner, J. R. Tracey, L. P. Van Rie, L. E. Weltzer, F. A. Zink.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

J. M. Bently, C. U. Brinkmann, P. V. Byrne, A. V. Byrnes, L. R. Broderick, T. A. Byrne, L. L. Bennett, J. Brennen, F. H. Coan, W. D. Cooley, J. R. Cavanaugh, W. Comstock, B. N. Coleman, Thos. H. Cornell, Antoine Cartier, William Cotter, R. A. Connolly, Edward J. Connolly, C. H. Connolly, C. L. Dunfee, J. A. Dean, W. J. Exum, D. G. Farrell, E. Frossard, G. H. Felix, A. R. Freudenstein, G. P. Goulden, C. A. Gering, J. B. Gallart, C. W. Greene, W. F. Gasmann, L. B. Heeb, F. P. Hopkins, J. Hirtenstein, J. P. Halloran, W. B. Jones, F. J. Kroth, C. J. Kelly, E. L. Knight, S. L. Kasper, H. E. Kranz, J. J. Kauffman, E. E. Krause, S. Langendorf, M. E. Langdon, D. F. Lyon, C. B. Marr, F. J. Manginn, J. A. Manginn, J. R. Masters, E. O. Marquette, S. W. Moebius, J. Manning, J. F. McClung, R. D. McCormick, H. G. McDermont, W. W. McNeill, O. McGinnis, C. McCauley, R. J. McGill, T. McFadden, M. O'Connor, D. O'Neill, E. F. Peil, G. H. Parker, J. V. Prada, R. E. Pratt, P. C. Quinlan, L. W. Rempe, B. Roe, T. B. Roberts, G. M. Roberts, W. P. Ryan, L. C. Robinson, I. M. Schiff, H. C. Schneider, F. Schick, E. R. Small, F. E. Spengler, W. L. Smith, F. D. Smith, H. R. Symonds, C. W. Shannon, R. B. Sullivan, I. S. Tufts, J. R. Tufts, J. F. Ulrich, W. F. Upman, C. A. Von Phul, O. E. Veazey, H. W. Whiteley, T. D. Whiteley, J. E. Whiteley, H. S. Warren, J. A. Woods, J. Weist, E. Yrisarri, J. J. Yrisarri, H. D. McKechnie.